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Poetry

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# Young Voices



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*The enclosed complimentary copy of YOUNG VOICES, a volume of original poems by the pupils of the Sarah Scott Junior High School of Terre Haute, Indiana, was published as a mark of appreciation for the work done, and as encouragement for further effort in creative work in verse.*

*We hope that this work may interest you as a junior high school project, or by reason of any poetic value it may have.*

*The printing and make-up of this book were used as projects for work in the print shop of the school during the past year.*

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Principal*

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Instructor of English*

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# YOUNG VOICES

## VOLUME II

Poetry by Pupils  
of the  
Sarah Scott Junior High School

FOREWORD AND SELECTION

BY

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YOUNG WOMEN

VOLUME II

THE YOUNG WOMEN

OF THE

SARAH SCOTT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

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BY THE SARAH SCOTT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

To  
The Past and Future Poets  
of  
Sarah Scott Junior High School  
and to  
All the Unnamed Ones  
Whose Support and Labor  
Have Made This Second Volume  
Possible



## A FOREWORD

*The continued excellent work of our pupils in original verse, and the kindly, stimulating reception of our first volume of YOUNG VOICES, have encouraged us to offer this second collection of verse.*

*The following poems were selected from the past year's issues of the ORANGE PEEL, the Sarah Scott Junior High School monthly paper. The grade given with the signature in each case is that of the pupil at the time of the writing of the poem.*

GEORGIA A. BREWSTER

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>A Foreword</i> .....	vii
<i>We Are Guilty</i> ..... Morris B. Blumberg	1
<i>Mirth</i> ..... Ray Cline	2
<i>Why?</i> ..... Ray Cline	3
<i>Patience</i> ..... Ray Cline	4
<i>Master Minds</i> ..... Ray Cline	5
<i>Anticipation</i> ..... Ray Cline	6
<i>Fleeting Glory</i> ..... Martha Pearman	7
<i>A Cat's Eyes</i> ..... Martha Pearman	8
<i>Jade</i> ..... Martha Pearman	9
<i>Youth's Spring</i> ..... Martha Pearman	10
<i>Christmas Thoughts</i> ..... Fred Graff	11
<i>The Parade</i> ..... Fred Graff	12
<i>Worry</i> ..... Fred Graff	13
<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> ..... Fred Graff	14
<i>The Goldfish</i> ..... Eleanor Ray	15
<i>In Church</i> ..... Eleanor Ray	16
<i>Fir Tree</i> ..... Eleanor Ray	17
<i>Boasting</i> ..... Leah Silverman	18
<i>Spring Plowing</i> ..... Rachel Blumberg	19
<i>A Miracle</i> ..... Rachel Blumberg	20
<i>Talent</i> ..... Rachel Blumberg	21
<i>Coal</i> ..... Joe Duffy	22
<i>Circus</i> ..... Kenneth Shiflet	23
<i>So Why?</i> ..... Marigail Stewart	24
<i>Left Alone</i> ..... Marigail Stewart	25
<i>A Snowflake</i> ..... Howard Cromer	26

## TABLE OF CONTENTS—Continued

	PAGE
<i>Death Room</i> . . . . .	Dorothy Brubeck 27
<i>Heart Hunger</i> . . . . .	Maxine Austin 28
<i>The Golden Touch</i> . . . . .	Maxine Austin 29
<i>Stars</i> . . . . .	Janet Van Winkle 30
<i>Thor</i> . . . . .	Howard Liffick 31
<i>Spring Pleasures</i> . . . . .	Marian Combs 32
<i>Indiana Picture</i> . . . . .	Billie Jones 33
<i>Light</i> . . . . .	Robert Colwell 34
<i>The Moon</i> . . . . .	Elizabeth Fletcher 35
<i>The Beauty of Space</i> . . . . .	Adeleen Brodsky 36
<i>Gifts</i> . . . . .	Adeleen Brodsky 37
<i>Our Crickets</i> . . . . .	Charles Howlett 38
<i>Treachery</i> . . . . .	Otto Duenweg 39
<i>Confusion</i> . . . . .	Sophie Schultz 40



YOUNG VOICES  
VOLUME II

## We Are Guilty



AR-FLUNG with bouquets of flowers  
Are the fields, and woods, and forests,  
In the spring—  
Generous spring;  
Silver-throated songsters  
In chorus loud sing symphonic song  
In the spring—  
Singing spring;  
Yet man in his vandal greed  
Stands not in awe of these  
Sweet stems with magic tips,  
Of these lyric lives with tuned lips,  
But destroys them,  
In the spring—  
God's spring.

MORRIS B. BLUMBERG, 9A

## Mirth



SAW some puppets performing  
Upon a tiny stage.  
I laughed at the awkwardness  
Of the funny, feeble things,  
Made to work by strings.

Perhaps  
God laughs,  
Gently,  
At the awkward antics  
Of us, puny puppets,  
Performing on our tiny stage,  
The earth.

RAY CLINE, 8A

## Why?



HY,

When our new, young souls  
Were released from the Maker's hand,  
Did they choose this grain of dust  
From the many whirling worlds  
Of the Master  
To live upon?  
Is the earth a stage  
For one brief act  
In the long drama  
Of life-after-life?

RAY CLINE, 8A

## Patience



IN the spring  
The farmer plows and plants,  
Then waits the summer through.  
If in the autumn  
Fate decrees  
The loss of all,  
Grimly he accepts,  
And during winter,  
Heartened by the thought  
That God's plans, too,  
Sometimes go awry,  
Resignedly,  
He plans to plow and plant,  
Again and again,  
In the spring.

RAY CLINE, 9B

## Master Minds



IN AWE I wonder  
About the flight of planes  
Through space for days and days.  
I marvel at the master mind of him  
Who first conceived them.  
Again, in awe,  
I wonder about the flight of worlds  
Through space for eons and eons.  
I marvel at the master mind of God  
Who conceived and still conceives them.

RAY CLINE, 8A



## Anticipation



OD made the suns,  
And from them conceived future worlds—  
Our world.  
The glacial mills ground  
The rocks for future soil.  
In tune with time  
God created the vague amoeba,  
The monster lizard reptile,  
Which gazed in awe at the fish  
And at the bird—  
The fish that learned to fly.  
In turn the bird now gazes with greater awe  
At that present, imperfect perfection, Man.

RAY CLINE, 9B

## Fleeting Glory



SHORT TIME ago shy maidens donned  
Their modest green gowns in a shadowy glade;  
In the fall Spanish ladies swayed in the sheen  
Of tarnished gold sunshine, a gay masquerade!

Brilliance is gone, gold sunlight has faded;  
The revelers have long ago fled from the glen.  
In the screeching gale now gaunt old witches  
Chant to themselves of the joys that have been.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 9B

## A Cat's Eyes



LIKE inscrutable gems of ancient jade  
That dangled from a dark slave's ears,  
Or like emeralds that graced queenly hands—  
Jewels polished by a sad queen's tears—  
Are your eyes.

Sometimes they flash their golden fire,  
As from a soldier's gleaming shield,  
Then like calm topaz they are,  
That tell me you will yield  
To my caress.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 8A

## Jade



COOL SOFTNESS, an eternal glow—  
Jade recalls to me an ancient age  
Of Egyptian worship and clashing cymbals,  
Of Egyptian kings on many a page  
Of oldest history.

Jeweling a queen's languorous hand,  
The heavy perfume of lotus flowers  
Might have sweetly scented it,  
As she dipped her hand in the showers  
Of a lazy fountain.

But this ancient picture dims;  
I return from Pharoah's sparkling hall;  
The mirage of coolest color fades;  
I return at the modern's blatant call,  
To find jade's semi-precious.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 8A

## Youth's Spring




H, the earth is all a-thrill  
With birdsongs in the spring,  
And the sunbeams have been polished  
By the lovely, shining rain.

The sun-flecked lanes are bordered  
With violets and Nature's lore;  
Drink deep from youth's sweet spring,  
'Tis more sparkling than before!

MARTHA PEARMAN, 9A

## Christmas Thoughts

IVE ME, O God in Heaven,  
The bliss of peace at this season  
Of cold winter—  
Steely winter.

Give me, O Thou Most High,  
Love and guidance  
In this reviewing  
Of austere winter—  
Harsh winter.

Give me, O Thou great Stage-master,  
A part to play with understanding,  
In this time of cheery winter—  
Fireside winter.

And give me, O Jehovah Majestic,  
A loyal heart, reverent for Thee,  
In this communal season  
Of gift-sharing winter.

FRED GRAFF, 9A



## The Parade



RIPPLED and cramped,  
Unsteady and slow,  
Sweaty and painfully,  
They march.

They march—  
Old veterans,  
Young veterans,  
Crippled and scarred,  
Terrible reminders  
Of terrible war!

Oh, that men could be  
Happily scar-free,  
Instead of hulking hulks  
In fruitless walks  
Of past-bloomed life!

FRED GRAFF, 9B

## Worry



WHY am I fretted  
With sisters, who, older  
Incessantly warn me  
With prophesies dire?

Had it been granted  
That they had been younger—  
Nearer my age,  
Should I have happier been  
Letting my studies be hanged—  
Be hanged?

Or shall I regret  
In years unseen yet  
Their admonitions  
Neglected?

My life is a road  
Into two branches divided—  
My own inclinations  
And their admonitions,  
With hopes that the one I choose  
Be the one I can use  
Without remorse.

FRED GRAFF, 9A

Abraham Lincoln



RUDE clay,  
Bruised and battered  
By adversity—  
Rude clay,  
That grasps opportunities,  
Molds itself  
Into leaders of men.

Rude clay,  
Sneered at  
And pitied,  
Molded itself  
Into Abraham Lincoln.

FRED GRAFF, 9B

## The Goldfish



GLIMPSE a gleaming goldfish  
Gliding through glades of moss,  
Sliding past shimmering sea-shells,  
Flaunting his burnished gloss,

Darting through eerie greenery,  
Never pausing long.  
I move nearer the water—  
A flash, and the goldfish is gone!

ELEANOR RAY, 8B

## In Church



HY, in a church, when all around is still,  
When only the soft swish of ladies' Sunday  
silks,  
And the wary, silent sounds of tiptoeing feet  
are heard,  
When the soothing light through holy, painted  
windows  
Makes the dim, dull faces of friends more  
solemn—  
Why must I spoil the pious enchantment  
By giggling?

ELEANOR RAY, 8B

## Fir Tree



O H, FIR TREE, standing motionless and straight,  
Where were you ere your beauty brought you  
here?

Did you tower in a forest weird and dark,  
And stand in the cold night without fear?

Did you see with icy thrills your friends cut  
down,

And did you wait your turn with fear or joy?

Did you willingly give up your lonely life,

To make supremely happy one small boy?

ELEANOR RAY, 8A



## Boasting



HAVE rumpled all the rivers;  
I have wrestled all the lakes;  
When I charge the land it quivers,  
And the rock-built city quakes.

I have lashed the seven oceans,  
Have made each my mighty slave.  
Ruin and mischief are my weapons —  
I am the wind, fearless and brave.

LEAH SILVERMAN, 7A

## Spring Plowing



HE farmer  
Plows laboriously.  
His clumsy, brown team  
Breaks the fresh, damp earth  
Into a freedom  
For the earth worms.  
Greedy, his white chickens  
Follow him,  
Cackling,  
Gobbling the earth worms.  
Farmer, brown team,  
White chickens,  
And tunnelling earth worms  
All help with the first  
Spring plowing.

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 8A

## A Miracle



NE tiny bud  
Tucked inside a twig  
Bursts into  
A blossom!

One pinky blossom  
Withers, falls,  
Dies, to leave room  
For an apple!

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 8A

## Talent



WITH each stroke for perfection  
The artist sketches;  
With each tone for harmony  
The musician strives;  
With each muscle at its tensest  
The athlete labors;  
With each step in rhythm  
The dancer glides;  
With each emotion thrilling  
The actor lives his borrowed life—  
Does God, too, toil as earnestly  
To guide His wondrous genius?

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 8B

## Coal



AGES AGO great fern forests fell  
On the young earth yet forming and steaming;  
The great lands arose and the seas rolled back,  
And covered the forests with all their pressing.

Ages passed, at last little man came,  
And dug in the ground and found precious  
stones,  
But of still more value than any jewels,  
Is the coal, remains of the fern forests' bones.

JOE DUFFY, 7B

## Circus



HE circus band's brassy blare  
Fills the saw-dust reeking air.  
A restless elephant shifts about,  
Insolently eyeing his Hindoo mahout.

A tawny tiger balefully glances  
At a pony's majestic prancings;  
A trainer cockily cracks his whip,  
And the knife-thrower's knives spitefully zip.

The graceful antelope gaits along;  
A side-show minstrel bursts into song;  
The boisterous crowd's hum of noise  
Shakes not the juggler's careless poise.

KENNETH SHIFLET, 8B



## So Why?



CANNOT grow quite fast enough,  
And my mind won't speed me there,  
But I wish I were a little older,  
Just enough to wave my hair.  
I wish for a fancy "formal,"  
And a saucy, furry wrap,  
A pair of silver slippers,  
Without a childish, stupid strap!  
Yet I wonder after growing old,  
My youth, like Auntie, will I try to hold?

MARIGAIL STEWART, 8A

## Left Alone



"LL be all right,"  
I said. Yet inwardly  
I felt frosted with fright.

I sat in loneliness and dreamed,  
And read a saga of mystery,  
While fear, rekindled, gleamed.

I sat perspiring, terror-seized,  
Then I heard a friendly bark,  
And laughed, relaxed and eased.

MARIGAIL STEWART, 8B

## A Snowflake



SAW a flake come floating,  
Come floating toward the land;  
I watched it till it came so close,  
Until it touched my hand.

It was so soft and pretty,  
So weak and faint for strife,  
That when I gave it one warm breath,  
I took away its life!

HOWARD CROMER, 7A

## Death Room



LITTERING gods guard golden gates,  
And on the hallowed marble shrine  
The sun god's sacrifice starkly awaits.

Enters the priestess, slave of the sun,  
In rustling robes barbarous with gems,  
And the calm, pure face of a nun.

Clenching the dagger, she chants their rite,  
And while the followers faithfully pray,  
She thrusts and the martyr has eternal light.

DOROTHY BRUBECK, 9B

## Heart Hunger



AN ORPHAN with a love-starved face  
And a wistful heart filled with longing  
And envy, watches parents and children  
In the crowd outside the fence thronging.

He sighs when he thinks of the great bare halls,  
And the rows of cots, all white,  
The sameness of the uniforms,  
And the loneliness that comes with night.

He loathes the smell of the yellow soap,  
The strict bell's call at times to eat,  
The mumbling of a meaningless prayer;  
He fears the matron cold and neat.

MAXINE AUSTIN, 9B

## The Golden Touch



WHEN the first warm fingers of the sun appear,  
Reaching up the sky,  
They turn the dew-drops to molten gold—  
At their beauty the flowers sigh.

Slowly the sun travels up the wide sky,  
Painting the clouds as he goes.  
He touches the tasseled heads of the grain,  
And gladdens the peoples' woes.

He peeps in a nest that holds three eggs;  
They are bringing new life to the earth.  
He'll touch the wee bills when they first peep  
out,  
And turn them to gold at birth.

MAXINE AUSTIN, 8A

Stars



HE idle moon once blew  
A thousand golden bubbles;  
But away they broke for freedom,  
And floated across the sky—  
Stars, we call them.

JANET VAN WINKLE, 7A



## Thor



AM the god, Thor,  
Great son of Odin,  
All-father Odin,  
Of all the northlands.

Here is my hammer,  
Largest of hammers,  
Mightiest of hammers,  
In all Asgard!

See my broad girdle,  
Most famous of girdles,  
For when it is worn  
My strength is made more.

I fear no beast nor man,  
Giant nor sorcerer,  
God nor enchanter—  
Fear I none!

For, with my lightning bolts,  
And all my thunder-heads  
I am protected well.  
What should I fear?

HOWARD LIFFICK, 7A

## Spring Pleasures



THE plowman slowly plods along  
In the furrows dank;  
The shiny plow cuts through the soil,  
And turns the earth like waves  
That roll along a bank.

I love the stirring fragrance  
Of fresh earth damp and dark,  
Newly turned by the sturdy plow,  
And the plowman's merry whistle,  
That joins in duet with the lark.

MARIAN COMBS, 7A

## An Indiana Picture



'M LONELY for a place along the Wabash,  
Where golden-rod and purple iron-weed grow,  
Where the bitter-sweet has all the fence-rows  
turning  
To fire-works red until long after snow;

Where the crows are hunting 'mong the corn-  
stalks,  
And the pumpkins dot the land for miles around,  
Where the many sorghum mills and cider-  
presses  
Are taking toll from the harvests of the ground.

BILLIE JONES, 7B

Light



LIGHT,  
Mechanical,  
Mystic, and defying,  
Scientific, and undying,  
Fed by a magic unseen,  
Flows through wires  
In a living stream.

ROBERT COLWELL, 7A

## The Moon



HE crescent moon in velvet shrouds  
Among the silent stars,  
Peeps up through the care-free clouds  
At Mercury and Mars.

Little swaying, sailing moon,  
Slip down from the sultry sky,  
And look for the tiny stars that are lost,  
Down where the dormant ships lie.

ELIZABETH FLETCHER, 9B

## The Beauty of Space



OW beautiful in their vastness  
Are the heavens that darken at nightfall,  
When viewed from the wide emptiness  
Of a field that is free of houses!

ADELEEN BRODSKY, 7A

Gifts



HE blessed rain  
With rhythmic beat falls first  
To quench a blossom's dire thirst.

A golden light  
Descends upon the drenched earth  
To be a flower's warming hearth.

ADELEEN BRODSKY, 8B



## Our Crickets



WO crickets merrily and happily sing  
Under our basement stairs.  
They have among the holes and cracks  
Their secrets and their lairs.

To the children their music's a lullaby,  
Not slow, nor sad, nor deep;  
But a homey, happy, see-sawy chirp,  
That creeps into their sleep.

CHARLES HOWLETT, 7A

## Treachery



IGNORANT Indians trusted white man;  
Cunning white man tricked the Indians,  
Took away their fields and rivers,  
Cut their forests, killed their chieftains,  
Pushed them westward—westward still,  
Till their backs had touched the Rockies.  
Then white man pushed them o'er the Rockies,  
Till they could be pushed no more,  
For at their backs was the long seashore.  
Then white man gave from selfish hearts  
Of all this land, the barren parts,  
As the Indian Reservations.  
But by ironical joke of fate  
On these wastes was found rich oil.  
Now the white man schemes and plans  
To steal again the red man's lands.

OTTO DUENWEG, 8A

## Confusion



HE Mighty Watchmaker unfailingly winds  
His watches, the worlds great and small;  
But suppose one morn sleepily He'd forget  
To wind every whirling ball!

Deadly snows might tumble on a June day,  
Trees and fair flowers ghostily gowning;  
The warm sun might mock the cool, serene  
moon;  
Amidst falling rain, stars might be drowning.

Other worlds might come fatally hurtling at us,  
Sending us into depths of mysterious blue—  
Oh, Watchmaker, never fall Thou asleep,  
And shirk Thy duties as we mortals do!

SOPHIE SCHULTZ, 9B